



Roots and Herbs Nature's Remedy

Almost every American man or woman can recall grandmother's collection of roots, herbs and barks made every year for home use.

It is interesting to note that the most successful remedy for woman's ills had its origin nearly forty years ago in one of these collections of herbs and roots.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was originally prepared by Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., by steeping on her kitchen stove a combination of roots and herbs. This she furnished free of cost to her woman friends who had need of such a medicine.

The cures resulting therefrom caused its fame to spread far and wide. The demand increased until today a visit to the laboratory at Lynn, where this medicine is made, reveals an immense brick building, the entire fourth floor of which is piled high with bags full of herbs, barrels of roots and bins of seeds, and a pungent, aromatic odor fills the place which reminds one of the old attic in the farm house with sage, catnip, thoroughwort and other herbs hanging from the rafters.

None but the choicest herbs are used in making Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; all carefully selected for their ability to remedy the ills for which they are prescribed and tested for their medicinal strength, and tons and tons are used annually in making this greatest of all medicines for woman's special ills.

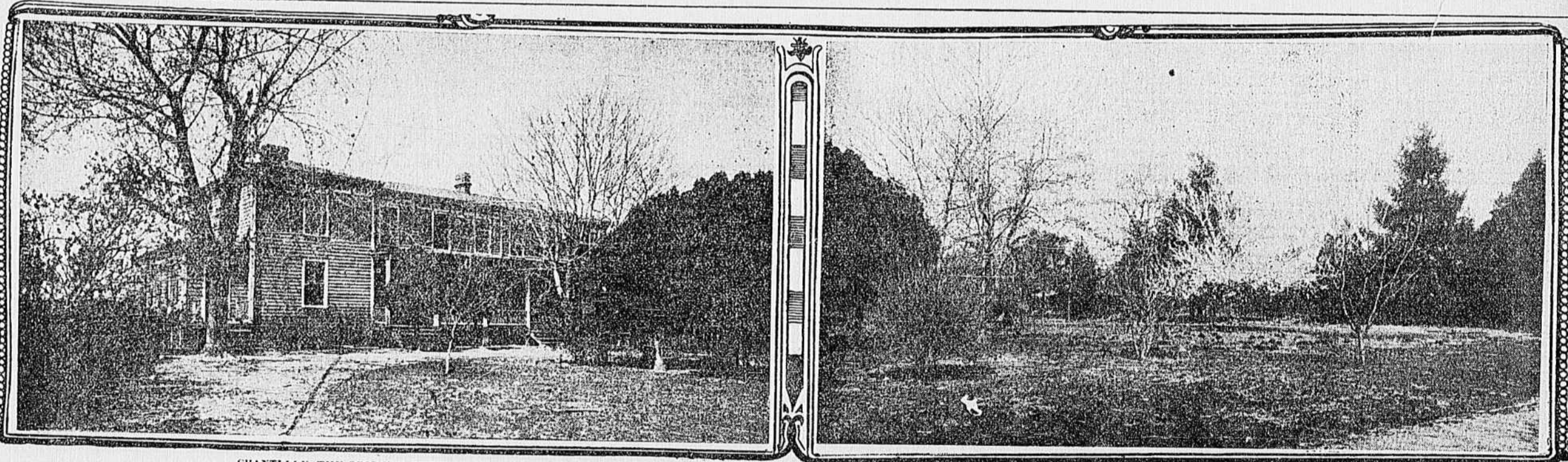
We ask every thinking person this question: Isn't a purely vegetable remedy, made from the roots and herbs of the field — which are nature's own remedy for disease — preferable to drugs and narcotics in the treating of such diseases?

No other remedy has ever attained such wonderful success as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in treating woman's ills; it acts in harmony with the feminine organism and soon restores natural and normal organic conditions.

Every sick woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, for it cannot harm her, and there are a hundred chances to one that it will completely restore her health.

Old Miss of Chantilly and the Toast She Drank

By ALICE M. TYLER.



CHANTILLY, THE ORIGINAL HOME OF THE PRICES.

Photograph by H. P. Cook.

THE recent sale of Chantilly, one of the most historically famous places in the vicinity of Richmond, has been attended with the lively interest which proof of great financial increase in real estate values usually awakens.

But little remains to show what Chantilly was in the days when the region to the westward of Richmond's corporate limits was filled with beautiful homes, when Little Westham, on the Elver Road; Westwood, on the Brook Turnpike; The Grove, Belleville,

the Hermitage and Elba clothed with social distinction a section where people of consequence had their homes. Among the first gentility to come to this part of Henrico county was a family named Price, of Welsh origin, whose original seat was Chantilly. The house, situated on the south side of Deep Run Turnpike, was formerly one story, built of brick and having an attic, with dormer windows. A luxuriant hedge, tall shrubbery and stately oak trees screened the dwelling from passers-by, and gave it fragrant and

leafy embowerment. The original design of the manor was changed during its occupancy for years by the late Ambrose Hutchison, who added to its size. Reminders of the lovely lawn, which was filled with flowers, flowering shrubs, evergreens and shade trees are left as mute reminders of days gone by, though the oak trees have perished. More impressive still is an ancient family burying ground, the Price family, Captain Robert Douthett, who commanded the cavalry escort when Lafayette visited Richmond in 1824, being buried among them.

During the Revolutionary period Chantilly, like other rural Virginia mansions, was a center of busy industry. Here, as elsewhere, flax was broken, spun and woven into linen. Cotton and wool were turned into the homespun material, worn in many instances by the owners of estates and those who labored in their fields. A difference in cut and make, however, preserving class restrictions now no longer practiced.

In those days Mistress John Price sat, a dignified figure, among her household maids, her silver sheath pinned to her girlish, her capable hands busy with the knitting of yarn socks and stockings for household and domestic use. Outside, in the fields that lay behind the house, her husband, John Price, and his colored factotum held firm and judicious sway, but the indoor occupation was directed by the mistress, a woman of the old regime, whose reputation for courage and patriotism have survived many years of change, and are recalled whenever the name Chantilly is mentioned.

The habitual quiet of the community in which John Price and his wife lived was much broken into during the summer of 1781. The venerable couple had a family of seven sons and three daughters, and the sons were all fighting under Washington in the Continental army. The mother of the seven held her handsome old head high and went serenely about her tasks, but disquieting rumors came to her every day of what Cornwallis, who had crossed the border from North Carolina into Virginia, was doing; of how Tarleton, who had failed to catch Mr. Jefferson and the Virginia Legislature napping at Charlottesville, would soon come galloping through the country around Richmond, robbing and destroying, according to his habit.

It would seem, then, that Mrs. Price could hardly be surprised when Big Tom, the plantation foreman, came hurriedly to the piazza on a brilliant June afternoon of 1781 to warn his master that Tarleton and his command were approaching and were already close at hand. It took but a breathing

spell of time for Mr. Price to decide not to put himself in the way of Tarleton. Under Tom's wary guidance he left his house and sought safety in a dense pine thicket some distance away, rarely penetrated except by the black people going to and fro to banjo pickings and other midnight revelries, to which they were devoted. Here Tom's experience in camping out and his resourcefulness soon resulted in his establishing his master comfortably for a night. Promising to return later with food and blankets, the negro then took a circuitous route back to Chantilly and to the service of his mistress, if she should need him.

"My Lawd," he said under his breath, as he saw Tarleton's troopers and their horses scattered through the carefully tented grounds, and heard the commotion which their bloody work was creating at the pig pens and in the poultry yard. "My Lawd, 'tis a good thing Mars John ain't her to know about disyer scandalous kerryins on. Hit shorly is, I jest gwine creep round ter de back door and watch meh chance to let ole Miss know I done got back and let Mars John in er safe place."

So muttering to himself, the negro cautiously drew nearer the house, hid his bulky form and peeped through the partially closed shutters. He started with amazement at what he saw. In the drawing-room, with its mirrors and old polished mahogany, sat Mrs. Price beside her tea table knitting. The descending rays of the sun stole through the windows and fell upon the silvered hair, the white gown and the resolute figure of the Virginia matron. A slight flush arose in her cheek as voices and footsteps were heard in the hall outside, and Colonel Tarleton himself, motioning his escort to await his return, entered the room where Mrs. Price sat.

A gallant figure was Tarleton, a soldier in the flush of manly vigor, and confident, a trifle overbearing and imperious, but on the whole not nearly so brutal as he has been usually described. He halted when his eyes fell upon Mrs. Price, and, removing his hat, made her a low and ceremonious bow.

"Give you good afternoon, madam," said he. "I am Colonel Tarleton, of His Majesty's service, forced by the spur of necessity to ask shelter for myself, and such food for my men and their horses as you can furnish us. We have ridden long and are both weary and hungry."

Madam arose, drawing herself to her full height. "I am Mrs. John Price," she said with simple directness, "and I shall be pleased to have you partake at my table of such homely fare as I

can offer. In my husband's absence my farm man, Tom, will do what he can for your men." And she sent a message to Tom to that effect, with as much quiet ease as if there were no enemy at her door and no lurking peril in such presence there.

Tarleton tasted to the full the fine flavor of Chantilly atmosphere and madam's hospitality. In the guest room he removed the stains of travel, in the drawing-room he was served daintily with the best that madam's slender resources could afford, and madam herself, quick, alert and humorous, was a companion to arouse the interest and keep the faculties of any man at full tilt. Tarleton grew more and more venturesome in his play of wit. "Ah," he said, "this Washington of yours is a poor general at best. Cornwallis will soon lay him by the heels and hang him for a traitor to King George. Then where will the rest of you rebels be? Answer me that."

"Sir," she made answer, her eyes flashing and her figure erect, "I have seven sons with Washington, fighting all of them for the cause of American independence. They will, any, or seven of them—my sons—be delighted to meet you when you have your final trial with Washington. They will answer the question you have asked me better than I can."

"My Lawd," said Tom, again at the window, "now 'ain ole Miss a dauntless ooman? Jest listen how she do talk to disyer Britisher! Ole Miss sure ain't fear'd er nuthin' on nobody." And he chuckled softly to himself in the twilight.

Within, Tarleton laughed aloud. "Fairly hit, my hostess, fairly hit!" he exclaimed. "But, may I ask, how comes it that you are at home without your good husband? Am I not to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance and persuading him of his mistake in renouncing his allegiance to his rightful sovereign?"

"My husband," said madam, "shuns your acquaintance, Colonel Tarleton. The news of your coming reminded him of an engagement he had in a distant county of the State, and he has gone to keep it. May I not give you another cup of tea or another muffin?" And she leaned over her tray, her eyes bright and her lips curved in a smile that had rendered her irresistible in her young womanhood.

Even now she proved a match for the British soldier, who retired from her presence with a vastly increased respect for Virginia matrons and their ability to hold their own in any encounter of wits with the opposite sex. Tarleton slept in the Chantilly guest room between lavender scented sheets, and woke to find the skies lowering

and a cold rain falling. He descended to find his hostess of the night before still serene and confident though the work of pillage carried on by the British soldiers encamped in her grounds had left her larder bare.

"Do not fash yourself, madam, on my account," entreated Tarleton. "Soldiers must eat what they can get. But there is just one thing I should like to taste before I go, and that is a bowl of your famous Virginia eggnog, a mixture, forsooth which vastly suits my palate."

With difficulty, indeed, but difficulty not apparent upon the surface, the materials for the eggnog were evolved from various hiding places and the foaming bowl borne to the British officer. He took it, filled two glasses and turned to Mrs. Price. "Madam," he said, "I wish you to drink a toast with me, but it is a toast that should be drunk kneeling, not standing. Will you kneel?" And when she had done so he raised his glass high and gave the toast: "The health of his lordship, Earl Cornwallis!"

The reverent figure before Tarleton looked up in fervent appeal. "To the health of General George Washington," said madam's clear voice, slowly and distinctly, "and confusion to his enemies!"

"De Lawd Gord!" ejaculated Big Tom at the pantry door. "Whut in de wurf is ole Miss er thinkin' of? Dat Britisher gwine draw out'n his sode and cut her haid smack off'n her body if she don't mind." And Tom shivered with fear.

But madam's courage and patriotism had touched some chord long silent in Tarleton's nature. He bent low before her in giving his hand and raising her to her feet. "Staunch and loyal to the end are you not, my enemy and my friend? But you are, the bravest woman I ever met and the kindest. As such I shall always remember you."

Perhaps it was because of Colonel Tarleton's estimate of Mrs. Price's character that he offered to pay her for what his soldiers had consumed during their stay at Chantilly. Such punctiliousness had not characterized his proceedings elsewhere in Virginia. That madam should refuse payment was equally to be expected. That a valuable jeweled ring left behind by Tarleton as compensation of some sort seems a pity to madam's latter-day descendants. The bowl from which the memorable toast was drunk is stated on good authority to have met with a better fate, and to have been religiously preserved.

When Tarleton left Chantilly he halted at a place called Meadow Bridges, having been ordered by Cornwallis to watch from that point the

movements of Lafayette, who was supposed to be advancing from the North Anna River.

He also left consternation and a sense of irreparable loss behind him at Chantilly. Big Tom actually sobbed when, being admitted to the presence of old Miss, he managed to say: "Yes'm, dey's done took all meh horses—Brown Boss en Dandy en Silvertail en all—throwing out his hands to better express his grief; 'en whut Mars John and me gwil do wid the craps on everything ter do, en no team?"

"Hush, Tom," said madam. "Is there nothing left that I can ride?"

"Not a Gord's thing, ole miss, ceptin' tis de hine mule, Sal, en like es not shelt stumple on fall less'n she's led."

"She will do," answered madam. "I will ride and you shall walk beside my rein to Tarleton's headquarters. Put my side saddle on the mule and bring her to the door, and I shall be ready when you come."

Tom dared not disobey. But when he was putting the saddle on Sal he muttered under his breath: "En ef I'd a knew Ole Miss gwine take me inter such a bowdacious place, I deen know ef I told her bout meh hosses." But Lord, yes; I jest natchelly blessed ter do dat, kase dese hosses is whut I cyahs fer mostest and bestest. And Tom shook his head finally, and started to find Ole Miss.

They rode into Tarleton's camp late that afternoon, and Ole Miss demanded to be taken straight to headquarters. She plied her horse successfully, and received and heard with courtesy, had her horses and several belonging to her neighbors returned to her, and was sent home with a guard to insure her safety.

Her bringing back the horses caused great joy at Chantilly. Much anxiety and been felt over her undertaking, and her return at the head of a cavalry band seemed like a triumphal procession, if possible, the oldest Ole Miss more of a power than ever. She never saw Tarleton again, but when the seven sons came home to her from the war, she told her of the capture of the gay treebooster and his command at the surrender. So the toast she drank: "Confusion to the enemies of Washington," came true.

A portrait of Ole Miss hung for years on the walls of The Grove, where one of the sons whose service she gave to her country during the American Revolution lived. Her memory is enshrined in the hearts of her descendants, and the striking and picturesque chapter from her war-time experience here recorded is but one of many that link her with every Chantilly tradition and association.

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